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For the American Art Journal.  
IN THE NIGHT.

BY MINETTE.

Two little feet upon the hearthstone warm,  
A fair head on my arm;  
Long hair that glittered in the fireshine;—  
Oh Love! sweet Love of mine!  
What glory wrapped us in that fleeting glow,  
So long—so long ago!

The red-hot embers into ashes fell;  
Each was a fairy-tale  
That we two read, and all its lore was love,  
And from the dark above,  
Floated and wavered down the silent snow,  
So long—so long ago!

The wind went shivering through the icy trees,  
Low moaning like the seas;  
The wild fox barked across the snowy moor,  
And sighing, to our door  
Wandered the eerie sound, far off and low—  
So long—ah, long ago!

Through the wide chimney dripped the snow like rain,  
And on the diamond pane,  
The frost drew pictures of the summer gone;  
While fainter—farther borne—  
That lonely cry came shuddering o'er the snow,  
So long—so long ago!

Sweet little love of mine in those old days,  
What word of tenderest praise  
Can bring once more the shy look turned from mine,  
The little hands soft twine?  
Or the quick blush that mocked the firelight's glow,  
So long—so long ago!

So many winters, and so many springs  
Have passed on silent wings!  
So long ago we kissed and said farewell,  
And lost our fairy spell!  
What have we gained since that wild night of snow  
So long—so long ago?

Dreams that were madness—wakings that were wild,  
Since last your brown eyes smiled!  
Wisdom and sorrow, memory and regret  
For love that haunts us yet!  
Ah! it was better in that winter snow,  
So long—ah, long ago!

And I would give this Southern nights' perfume,  
Dying o'er fields of bloom—  
The starry Cross that lights the midnight calm—  
The white magnolia's balm—  
Just to bring back that night of storm and snow,  
So long—so long ago!

HOW I SAW RISTORI.

Scene, my "den"—not a den of wild animals, fair reader, but a literary den, bestrewn with scraps of paper, books, old programmes, pipes and tobacco—discovered, myself, hard at work on a play, which is, at some future day, to electrify the world, when enter to me Carlos. Carlos is my bosom friend—Carlos is a man with a very large voice and heart to match—in short, Carlos is "a man, take him for all in all, &c., &c." Carlos is in a hurry; Carlos is excited; his face is flushed; in short, Carlos has something to communicate. Having lighted a pipe and encircled himself with a cloud of blue smoke, Carlos opens the conversation in this wise:

"Shugge, I want you to do me a favor."

"Name it, and it shall be done."

"Well, the truth of the matter is this," (puffing out an immense volume of Indian cloudlets,) "you know I went to see Ristori as Phædra some few nights since and was disappointed; not so Mrs. Carlos, who has made up her mind that she must see 'la divina' as Lady Macbeth. Now you know as well as I do that it is a dangerous thing to thwart a woman in her will, especially when the woman is your wife." (Carlos has an immense idea of woman's will, as well as a true appreciation of her beauty.) "So I have procured tickets for this evening's performance, and the favor I have to ask is that you will accompany the partner of my joys and sorrows to the Brooklyn Academy of Music."

I hesitate for a moment. I have an engagement to make a very pleasant call. Carlos begins to grow nervous, and it is next to impossible to discover his rubicund face behind the breastwork of smoke which he is gradually puffing up before him. Can I sit calmly by and see the smile expelled from that jovial countenance? Never.

"Carlos, I do accept your invitation, and will be happy to make the pilgrimage."

"If I may be allowed to use the expression, you are [a brick! Now let us finish our pipes, and then you can come up and take a bit of dinner with me, which will enable you to make an early start, for I assure you that the pilgrimage to Brooklyn is no slight undertaking."

Now if Carlos has one peculiarity, it is his constant habit of inviting people to have a "bit" of dinner with him—it is one of his little idiosyncracies. Why he should always insist on this particular mode of expression is something that I have never been able to comprehend, nevertheless Carlos invariably prefaces his dinner with a "bit." Perchance "bit" is a playful abbreviation of "bitters."

Well, I did—or, rather, had a "bit" of dinner—with Carlos, and after waiting for the time prescribed by all ladies to "just put their bonnet on," behold us—Mrs. Carlos and your most obedient—armed and prepared for the journey.

The New York part of the expedition is passed, and we are landed on the sacred and, to me, unknown shore of Brooklyn. Brooklyn has been named, by the historians and journalists, the "City of Churches." Brooklyn supports an Academy of Music, a theatre, several minstrel halls, a newspaper, a city hall, mayor, and common council. Brooklyn is undoubtedly a great

city—to me it is a *terra incognita*, a pathless wilderness—but luckily there are street cars in Brooklyn, and having safely ensconced ourselves in one of these speedy conveyances—having previously requested the conductor to stop at the Academy—we confide ourselves to the hands of fate and the afore-mentioned conductor. Now conductors are but human, and our particular conductor, having collected his fares, went to sleep. The consequence was that we were carried some three or four blocks beyond our destination. But every thing must have an end, and so our journey. Then, by the pale light of the moon and the city hall clock, we threaded our way to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, arriving just in time to see the witches disappear, after having informed Macbeth of the good luck awaiting him. I have seen much better Macbeths than Sig. Gleck—Forrest, Booth, Davenport, Coudlock, and preëminently J. W. Wallack—hence his performance of that part impressed me but slightly. There are undoubtedly good points in it, but they are of a negative rather than of a positive character. The truth is, Sig. Gleck is too much given to rant, and by extreme earnestness spoils many of the finest passages of the play. But now Ristori enters, and all the vast assemblage is hushed into breathless expectancy as she continues the perusal of Macbeth's epistle. In this she utterly fails to convey the idea conveyed by Shakspeare. Lady Macbeth is but continuing the perusal of her husband's letter; she has already been told of the appearance of the witches, of their prophecies of future distinction to the warlike Thane, and when she comes before us has reached the passage: "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the pericetest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge." Then follows the description of the meeting with Macduff and Lenox, who corroborate the witches prophecy. Now any woman, on learning such startling intelligence as this, would be flurried, excited and astounded, both at the mystery of the witches and the dazzling prospects of future greatness. Not so Ristori. She is calm, impassioned, cold as marble—no nervousness in voice or manner displays the natural feeling of the woman, but in its place there is a dignified, classic posture, and a voice unshaken by the slightest tinge of excitement. Throughout the entire play this same fault is manifest—here and there we have brilliant flashes of true genius, but the performance, as a whole, is unsatisfactory, and not until we come to the famous "sleeping scene" are we at all roused to any degree of enthusiasm. Here the acting, dressing, and general "business" of Ristori are admirable, and atone, to a great extent, for the other defects of the performance. Her management of drapery is a perfect study, while the idea of somnambulism is excellently carried out. Her exit, however, although novel, is not so effective as the traditional "backing out" which has been handed down, from actress to actress, since the days of Mrs. Siddons, giving less chance for fine and telling poses; nevertheless, it is full of strong points, and Madame Ristori deserves great credit for the power and originality of her conception.

We have reached home at last—we have seen Ristori as Lady Macbeth—it is on the stroke of